"FRANCE"

Cie Gle TRANSATLANTIQUE
French Line

April 10 —

Dear Ivy —

I am thinking about you and the show every minute, worrying about the mix, ignoring the duck, the pate foie gras, the champagne and caviar, unable to eat or sleep. It is terrible to know there is no way for you to reach me here. I am bereft.

Thank you, however, for the champagne. The

Card said, in a Gallic hand,
"Wish we were there even
though you don't love
Suzanne. And Luv."
I finally got the punctuation
straight. It was consumed
ere Montauk faded in
the distance.

It is, as they say, a
rough crossing. Gigantic
seas yesterday erased
whatever ambition I had to
cross the Atlantic in a
sailboat. Much mal de
mer and skipped lunches.
Pete and I drum happily
immune and are waltzing

souffles whenever I can get my mind off "You and The Commercial."

Passengers include Salvador Dali, James Beard, Johnny Mercer. The Directeur General of the Rolex watch company, a portly Swiss, explained to me over brandy last night why the poor will always be poor. I love it, of course. Formality, good wine, and pretending to be somebody I'm not / Petie's gowns dazzling the dining room,

and all that.

If only I could know the show is all right! But I shall turn to other things in an effort to divert myself. (I'd like to turn to the blonde French lady to my left here in the library, but somebody else has already turned to her, I notice.)

Love —

Chas.

Sun. 22

Dear Irv –

Forgive me the delay with yr. ms.! I'm waiting for my first hours of leisure to read it, and the last three weeks' Sunday NY Times. Upon first. Another few days, I beg you. P. says it's terrific (but says this only to me, don't worry.)

Love –

Chas –

Dec-5

POST CARD

By Wood-Block printer T. Tokuriki

Happy St. Patrick's Day!

AIR

Christ that's all I can think of to say. (Except the word is out in the side streets of Osaka that Mays, Mantle and the Coady better watch their ass. The Minnesota Giants are hot this year.)

Love — Charles

MR IRV DRASSIN
232 E. 62nd St.
NEW YORK.
NEW YORK.

USA

郵便はがき

CHARLES KURALT

Dear Irv,

Right. You beat Illinois, then N.C. State, then Virginia; we beat West Virginia, then Syracuse, then St. John's. The big game is in Albuquerque April 2.

Sure, let's go to dinner. I'm usually back here on Friday night. I'll call, or you call. 255-8896. We usually have Chinese food Friday night anyway -- from the joint around the corner which has been thrice closed by the Health Dept. -- whilst staring moodily at Wash. Week In Review. An actual restaurant would be nice, and you could catch me up on the news better than those guys do.

I'm otherwise relentlessly out on the road. ("Looking For Hiram") We have 10 half-hour On The Road shows to fill starting around the end of May. CBS entertains the wistful hope that somebody might tune in, which would give them a cheap prime-time hit and a permanent rack on which to break my body, but I doubt it. Nonetheless, I race around from one-room schoolhouse to rural philosopher, as ever, and come back to New York to write Sunday Morning on Saturday. (I'm always at 975-6945 Sat. afternoon.) Went to England for one day last week to interview Henry Moore for Sunday. The daffodils were up everywhere. First time I'd used my passport in a dozen years. What a hick. Came back on the Concorde in a few minutes over 3 hrs. What you gain in time, however, you lose to gin and champagne.

I had heard you had employment, doing something you actually wish to do. That's good. Let's celebrate!

As ever,

Ides of March.

Dear Irv,

Some of my best friends are professors. Hell, I find that Ed Bliss is instructing the young at the University of North Carolina this semester... He asked for some stuff which I sent him...which reminds me that I still haven't sent the stuff you want, the papers and lineup and script and everything from the Cronkite show. I'll pick a day and do that practically immediately.

Also, we have to do our number on the MacArthur Foundation. They want examples of your work right off the bat. What shall I send them?

We did three hours Monday, two hours Tuesday and Wednesday. Day before yesterday, I had lunch with Jankowski, Leonard et al in the private dining room on the 30th floor (very good veal they have there) and Jankowski asked how we would fill an hour and a half a day, and did we think we could do it? I told him we'd have about 45 minutes of Diane Sawyer for starters.

Taking a few days off, which I need. It appears that we've bought a house on the Connecticut River at Essex. Wonderful place from which to sail, if I could now afford a sailboat, or to write, if I could write, or to contemplate the sunset, if I didn't have to go to bed before dark.

Love,

January 28.

MRS. CHARLES KURALT

Dear Irv and Xiaoyan,

I can't begin to tell you what your July 8th letter meant to me. I value it.

Maybe it's looking back on a shared past - vivid with recollection. Or perhaps it's impressions - described by you with a full heart. But whatever it is, you are suddenly not a world away. Instead, you're right here, comforting me.

I prize your letter - and I'll save it.

With love,

Petie

July 27, 1997

June 11, 1992

Dear Irv,

First on my list of guilts and omissions is you. You must wonder what in the hell has got into your old friend. Slothfulness and preoccupation is all. Month after month, I keep thinking we will soon be meeting for uproarious hours and catching each other up on all that has happened. Life, tedious life, keeps interfering. Example: My father had a heart attack a week or so before your China hour and I was forced to try to watch it while caring for him in his recovery room -- not a very good way to appreciate your months of labor. I've been back and forth to North Carolina as part of a family shuffle that is cooking his meals and keeping him company. In the meantime, my daughter had a premature baby with an unstable heart rhythm; thus, Christopher Evan White, 2 weeks old, my grandson, and Wallace H. Kuralt, 84 years, my father, were both in intensive care wards being infused with the same damn heart drugs! (Both doing okay right now; at three pounds, six ounces, the baby became the world's smallest recipient of a pacemaker. Should grow up normally. I'll send you the medical journal article when it appears. Buy stock in Medtronic; one of their technicians flew down from Minneapolis with this experimental device in his lap and helped the surgeon implant it. Worked like a charm.)

I recount this recent history not to draw your tears but merely to show you how life goes sometimes, and has gone for the star-crossed Kuralts of late.

As for me, I had decided to retire this month and start writing another book (I have a good idea for one) and patch up old friendships like the one with you and, mayhap, spend part of the summer in Montana casting dumb flies to smart trout. But then CBS surprised me by offering me a big raise. Not to do anything, particularly, just to hang around. So I have decided to do so for the time being, another year or two at the most. This makes Petie happy, who has an irrational fear of the Friday mail coming without a paycheck in it. The conversation goes this way: I: "Look at Irv and Tom Spain and Arthur Wagner (another free-lance friend). They are doing fine on their own!" She: "They are not you. They are industrious." I can't argue with that.

What else? I am losing weight (my own heart has been giving off minor complaints). Part of our ceiling fell down (while I was providentially in France doing Winter Olympics sidebars, so Petie had to deal with it.) I have bought a new computer, this one, and am trying to learn how to work it. I may have read a book or two since I saw you last. That's about all.

But you, my God, you are in the grip of great intensities, marriage and world affairs and the creative work of the world. I ache to know about all this. So I propose that the four of us have dinner at 7:30 on Thursday the 9th of July at some suitably celebratory restaurant. Or the next night. At which time, I will wheedle the loan of a tape of your China show so I can watch it quietly and appreciatively. And meet your wife, whose name I am afraid to try to spell but whom I already love like a brother. And have an accounting of the missing years. I promise not to talk much. And if that week won't do, name another.

It is only seven o'clock in the morning as I finish this. If I can figure out how to print it, I'll have it in the mailbox on the corner by 7:30. That's how bad I feel about not seeing you for so long. It's interfering with my sleep!

As ever,

Charles

Charles Kuralt

34 Bank St.
New York 10014

255-8896

Dear Irv,

I am charmed by your invitation to dinner, and look forward to seeing you again, as always. I guess we'll have to wait until after the wretched Winter Olympics now since I have dilly-dallied so long in answering you. I'll be out of town during the two weeks before Lillehammer, and ice-bound in Norway during most of February. I am far too old and fat for this, of course, but there's no help for it.

Did I see your stuff and hear your voice on a NFL Charities spot the other day? You almost persuaded me that those big guys have soft hearts.

And break up the Bruins...at this writing, the only unbeaten team! I made much of this on Sun Morn a couple hours ago, hoping that you were watching.

Best to Xiaoyan. Kansas City just recovered a fumble on the screen in the corner, so how bad can 1994 be? I have to miss the rest of the game...off to Atlanta to intvw our last honest President tomorrow.

As ever,

January 23, 1994

CBS
NEWS
A Division of CBS Inc.
524 West 57 Street
New York, New York 10019
(212) 975-4321

Dear Irv,

I shall treasure your note!

As for that picture of me, well, I have put myself on a diet of grapefruit sections and parsley and consulted a hair restorer. I didn't realize I ever looked young and earnest.

What is this I hear, that you have consented to instruct the insolent young at Mr. Hoover's college? If you are teaching television, I will consent to be a guest lecturer for the price of a lichee pork dinner at Ming's, just off 101. If it is Mandarin Chinese you are teaching, I'll buy. Either way, let me know whether this is true, and where to find you.

As ever,

NYC, June 3.

Dear Rev —

Just because I haven't sent you your great wedding present yet, or acknowledged your invitation to the reception, or communicated with you in any way at all, and just because the Bruins are off to their worst start in 42 years, and just because you think I am a fink and you don't need camaraderie any more because you have a new life —

SEASON'S GREETINGS

these are not reasons to spurn your old friend.

Therefore: Joy!

When can we meet?

As ever, CHARLES

Dear ID---

This is merely a plea not to release the softball picture, as you threatened. I had already HIT the ball, obviously, and it was about to become a sizzling grounder through the hole, but it does APPEAR that I am missing it by about two feet, and it would do my rep no good with my new pal, Mickey Mantle who I met on a plane and who told me about the time Satchel Paige struck him out and what Casey said about THAT. No, it won't do to let the thing become public. But I shall treasure it, if only for the fuzzy clean-up hitter in the shades on deck.

I want to see you and meet your wife and drink chmpagne and stuff. When shall we do this? Not this week. I am off to darkest Nebraska. But send me an idea of your own travels and we shall have a famous lunch or dinner soon. I have little news of my own, but hunger for your own tales, including that of how you persuaded a woman of substance to wed herself to your quixotic manner and uncertain prospects. For you, I am very happy.

As ever,

Charles

February 14, St. Valentine's Day

Bill Stout was given one of those stars in the sidewalk. I went out to be present. He is right between George Raft and Celeste Holm. Part tough guy, part ingenue. Perfect. He had a heart attack in October and does not look so hot, but is now immortal on Vine St.

I found no new Biff's on Beverly.

ck

ROMA
Paulus P.P.VI

May 8 -

Dear Mr. Pelz and Charles
Dropped by, carrying a Paris
Herald and seeking
Compari. We put away
a little spaghet and
said some Hail Marys
for the team. That might
to keep you undefeated.
They seem knocked out
by Rome; weather and
Ambiance perfect.

Riproduzione vietata

ROMA
8.5.68

POSTE ITALIANE
*115

ROMA
VILLA BORGHESE
Via Mercadante

HOTEL PARCO DEI PRINCIPI

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NEW YORK
USA

Tecnograf spa Via Sciuti 128 Palermo

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da fotocolor Kodak Ektachrome

CYPRESS POINT CLUB
PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Dear Irv —

Bet you beat out!

How about lunch or dinner on Wednesday? I'll call you.

(Well, I had to write to somebody on this stationery, and nobody else I know would give a damn.)

As ever,

Charles.

Jan. '7

CHARLES KURALT

Oct 20 '94.

Dear Irv —

Thought you'd like to know John Wooden's record has finally fallen. Coach Wooden seems to have taken it with characteristic good grace. (If the AP guy had called <u>me</u> asking about some girls' soccer team, I'd have hung up on the son-of-a-bitch.)

I tore this out of the Norfolk paper while helping my father through his rough, but mercifully short, last illness. Now I'm in Vermont, still working on this wretched book, and feeling the sadness of the season, watching the last leaves fall.

Love to you and Shao-Yen, he said phonetically. I love her even if I can't spell her.

As ever,

C.

Riverside, Ill.,
Oct. 23, 1969

Dear Mr. Kuralt,

Your CBS special of Tuesday night was very good.

It had a apecial meaning to me for my late brother who was a professor at Notre Dame went with the team as Chaplain when they went to California that year.

Mr. Rockne was a great man and there are many stories told about him. He taught mathmatics in the summer at Notre Dame. One time he forgot that he was teaching a class of nuns who were attending summer school. He was doing a problem on the black board - after he finished he said I hope you got that- then when there was no answer he said - I bet you did. This got a great laugh from the nuns who said he thinks he is talking to the foot ball players.

Thank you and CBS for putting on such a nice program.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Slavem

Or —

Dear Mrs Slavem

Thanks for that hilarious story.

Very truly yours

CBD

948 New York St.
Lincoln Park, Michigan 48146
October 22, 1969

Mr. Charles Kuralt
CBS NEWS
524 W. 57th St.
New York, N. Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Kuralt;

You did it again! I didn't think anybody could make football interesting. Your program was all it promised to be. Who ever thought about comparing such a game with American attitudes and aspirations? It was a clever idea that made the game of football seem worthwhile afterall.

Thanks for another great documentary!

Sincerely yours,

cecilia Petras

Miss Cecilia Petras

Suggested answer:

Dear Miss Petras,

I did.

Yours truly

I. Edmund Drasnin

Charles Kuralt

Dear Irv and Xiaoyan,

I have a wood carving of an avocet by a backwoods good old boy of tidewater North Carolina which I contemplated sending you as a housewarming gift. But then I wondered whether you would want to warm a temporary house at all, especially while trying to figure out where to put all your other things. And if you move to Curlew Dr., there you'd be with an irrelevant avocet.

So I'll wait. Thanks for the chronicle of North Carolina savers of souls and peddlers of bright leaf far from home. Fascinating! This is not a fair swap, but here is a souvenir given to me by a guy who picked it up at a roadside stand while bicycling across Mongolia to Beijing. Okay, it was made in Japan. But where else can you find a reliable light, a full-color likeness of Mao (I assume) and 16 bars of stirring patriotic music on demand? I can make do with my old Zippo. You have to have this.

Hope the move has not been too unsettling. I'll see you the first fine day in April when we can get a tee time.

Had a wonderful sad letter from Tom Spain, who is out of work like the rest of us. He said it's not having been passed by that hurts, it's what he's been passed by by.

As ever,

Charles

January 22, 1996

Penthouse 1601 · 119 West 57th Street · New York, NY 10019 · Telephone: (212) 333-2200